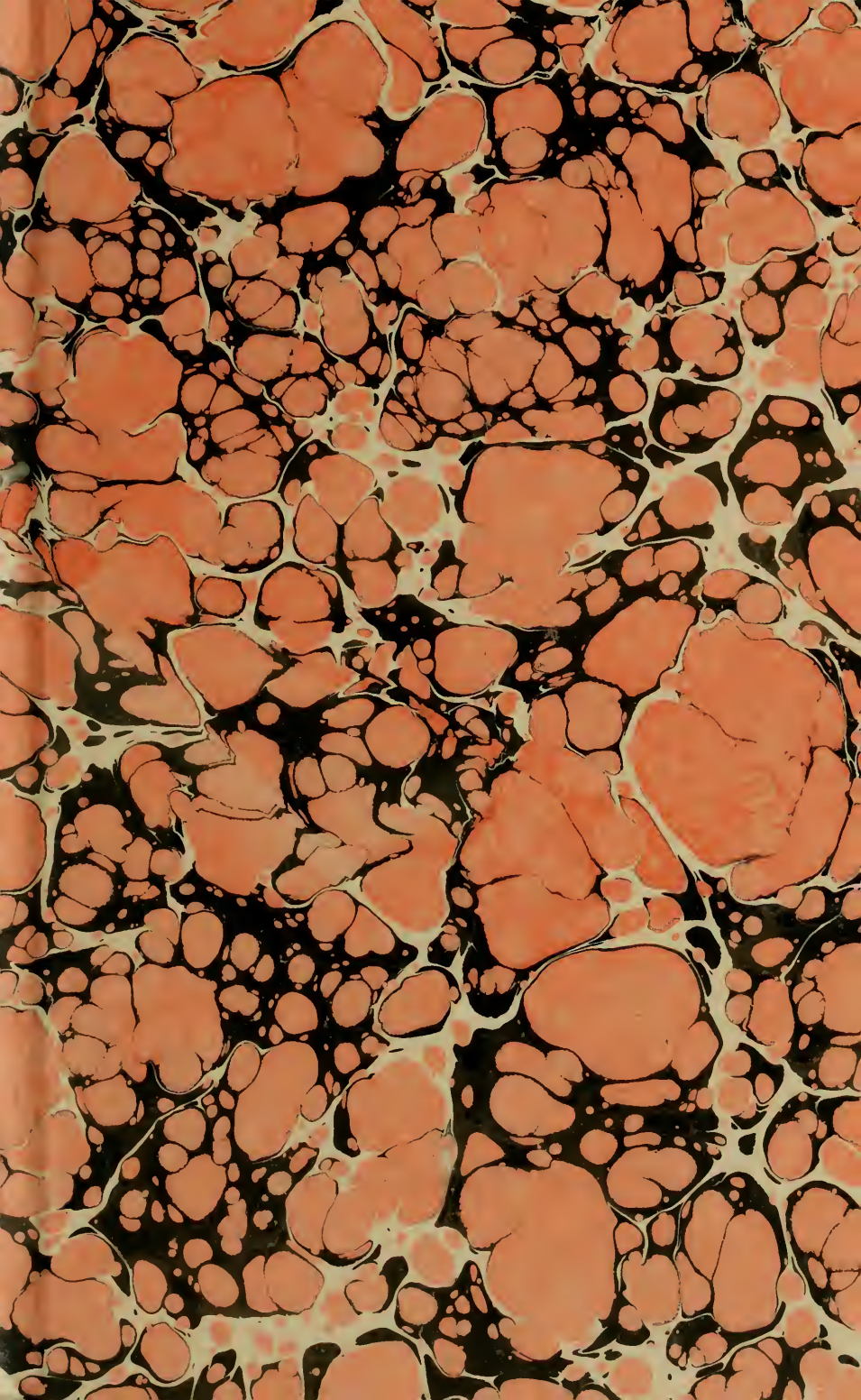




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THE

Democratic Quartetto :

OR,

PHYSIC FOR THE FIENDS;

AN EXCELLENT REMEDY AGAINST THE

SEDITIONOUS HYDROPHOBIA,

ADMINISTERED TO

WILLIAM COBBETT, DENIS HOGAN, PETER
FINNERTY, AND GALE JONES;

WITH AN

ADDITIONAL DOSE

FOR

THE INDEPENDENT WHIG.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR C. CHAPPLE, NO. 66, PALL-MALL.

Price 2s. 6d.

1808.

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THE

DEMOCRATIC QUARTETTO,

&c. &c.

TO MR. WILLIAM COBBETT.

SIR,

You occupy too large a space in the pernicious politics of the day, to escape the particular notice of any man who makes loyalty, and love of his country, objects of attention. I am not vain enough to suppose myself qualified to oppose Mr. William Cobbett, who, in a literary contest, has so many and important advantages over most individuals; I have, therefore, no intention of traversing the vast geography of your political conduct, either in this or any other country where you have

exhibited your mischievous talents, but confine myself to a few comments on your merit, as the author and publisher of a weekly journal, that has obtained much celebrity on account of the dangerous doctrines it promulgates, under the specious pretext of exercising, what is termed by every democrat, the Liberty of the Press, and which, in the present ruinous acceptance of the phrase, is neither more or less than an arrogated license to libel your King, defame his Government, and stir up sedition among the ignorant and wicked part of his subjects.

I am not invited to commence a correspondence with you, on account of the part you took in the Hampshire cabal, for you certainly had a right to deliver your opinion, and avow your principles, however obnoxious to the judicious, loyal, and constitutional opposition you met with; but I confess I have the curiosity to enquire, how Major Hogan's pamphlet became an object

of discussion, or, indeed, of the slightest notice, at a county meeting, convened for the express purpose of taking the sense of the inhabitants, as to the expedience of addressing his Majesty upon a subject so foreign to the complaint of an individual, whose cause had been espoused by yourself, and an horde of minor democrats; not because this Major Hogan had any just reason for complaint, but as it afforded an opportunity to give mouth to the whole kennel of seditious blood-hounds; I shall, therefore, previous to commencing my animadversions upon more important matter, take a short view of the wrongs Major Hogan pretends to have sustained from the Commander in Chief; and, I must confess, I feel a degree of satisfaction in affording the Public some further insight into a transaction that has already met detection, and the reprobation political impostures so richly merit.

I call Major Hogan's pamphlet a poli-

tical imposture, and a diabolical one ; as I firmly believe (and the preinises justify that belief) Major Hogan is but a nominal party, a mere stalking-horse to all the turpid part of the publication bearing his signature ; he, Sir, is but the instrument, the palate and brush-bearer, to these dextrous artists, Peter Finnerty, Gale Jones, and the more formidable William Cobbett ; these, and a democratic party, only are the bell-weather advocates of Major Hogan ;—when I say advocates, I do not literally mean his defenders, for I believe them as careless about the fate of the Major as I am myself ;—he stands exactly in the same situation with the ill-fated Paull, who was duped out of his honour, his fortune, and his life, by a band of democratic state ruffians.

Now, Sir, permit me to take a short view of some very singular circumstances and appendages that hover about Major Hogan's case, and let us minutely examine

the features and complexion of his accusation against the Commander in Chief.—In the first place, the pamphlet, as far as it is pregnant with political poison, contains also its own antidote, and would (but for the very extraordinary means pursued to give it publicity) have extinguished itself in the sale of one hundred copies, and been long ere this suffocated in its own imbecile absurdity.

It will, therefore, be necessary to give a short account of the rise and progress of the circulation, which, by your account, has reached near 5000.

That Mr. Finnerty (the most prominent feature in the politics of the Morning Chronicle) wrote it there can be no doubt;—that he publishes it is also evident; that all the technical artifices generally adopted to promote the sale of seditious effusions have been redoubled upon the present occasion;

and the old, stale, hacknied fallacies were practiced with singular success. In order to increase the avidity of the public, the pamphlet was held out as containing secrets too dreadful for publication, and too dangerous to print;—the privileges of booksellers abridged;—the liberty of the press curtailed;—and the influence of government employed to smother this account of the most horrid transactions;—transactions that would *alarm* all mankind;—ALARM was the word.

Now, Sir, let us see how this statement of Mr. Finnerty's appears, when combated by the real facts;—so far from any means being used to terrify booksellers, or diminish the sale of one single copy, we find the walls of the metropolis covered, as it were, with placards, unmolested, announcing the publication to be had of *all booksellers*; every stratagem, every device, that could be put in practice by human ingenuity, or the

most glaring falsehood, was adopted, with impunity, to increase its sale;—and, that nothing might be wanting to inflame the passions, and impose on the credulity, of the public, the Major's claim was made a question at the British Forum, where 500 persons were convened to hear a discussion on a subject that four-fifths of the audience knew nothing about, and the rest were composed of the heralds of sedition, and torch-bearers of treason; where tumult, democratic violence, and dogmatical ignorance, usurped the province of candor, truth, and justice;—fair argument was attempted to be bullied into silence, and all efforts to vindicate the Commander in Chief against the foul calumnies, were borne down by turbulent impudence, and enfuriated clamour, against the royal family.

Mr. Gale Jones opened the debate; or, rather, commenced a criminal harangue, which he thought would answer a better

purpose ; but he soon lost sight of the Major's claims, and strayed as far as Dorchester and Gloucester jails, where he lamented the fate of his dear friends and colleagues ;—he prefaced his speech by brandishing a letter which he received from the person who officiated as chairman to the meeting for that night ; and which letter commanded him to suppress any discussion upon Major Hogan's Pamphlet.

After he had exhausted a large portion of acrimonious invective against so *unconstitutional* an attempt to deprive the subject of the liberty of speech, he proceeded to what he called the question ;—but which partook so little of debate, that it was nothing more than a declamatory catalogue of ideal injuries, and grievances, that the people suffered through the sides of Major Hogan.

But is it necessary, in this place, to

make a few observations upon the prohibitory mandate said to be received by the chairman. It is clear to every man, who is not determined to banish the small portion of rationality which nature may have, however sparingly, furnished him with, that this letter, like the envelope of the Major's bank-notes, was a palpable fabrication, evidently calculated to excite the prejudice, and resentment, of the persons then present; and prepare them to believe all the monstrous insinuations, and impudent assertions, pumped from the fatigued lungs of this clarion-throated orator; and, by imputing the prohibition to the interference of the Duke of York, or his friends, imply a dread of some diabolical transaction coming to light. But, Mr. Cobbett, as I am not willing to exhibit myself to the world as a confirmed idiot, I admit that few men possess a greater share of penetration than yourself; a perspicuity I shall make use of, upon the present occasion, by submitting to your judgment, and I

will say, candor, (for I have witnessed various instances of your possessing the latter quality) whether it is not very singular, to say nothing worse of it, that the chairman should select Mr. Gale Jones, from five hundred persons present, to read the letter; nor is it less singular, that the discussion of Major Hogan's charges against the illustrious object of his rancour, could provoke any friend of his Highness's to attempt the suppression of an investigation, that must have produced, what in fact it did, (in the mind of every man whose opinion was worthy consideration) a complete refutation of the charges, and insinuations, and an ample reprobation of the authors;—a discussion which the honour of the Duke so imperiously called for; and which was highly gratifying to his friends, and that part of the public composing the friends of genuine liberty, loyalty, and their country.

I shall not commence haberdasher of

Mr. Gale Jones's speech; suffice it to say, that it consisted of the fragments of all the seditious ebullitions of Horne Tooke, Tom Paine, O'Connor, and Despard; and that he manfully and boldly invited the wrath of public justice, by heroically invoking the prison doors of Dorchester and Gloucester to open and receive him;—and, after lamenting, in the old democratic cant, the hardships the Major laboured under on account of the difficulty he encountered in publishing his *atrocious charges*, he declared himself ready to publish every thing the Major had to disclose, and that he would outstrip even Mr. Finnerty in the article of intrepid calumny; forgetting, that at the very time he was thus braving all the danger attending the publication of the Major's secrets, there was not a bookseller's shop in town, or a corner of a street, but *exhibited the publication of Major Hogan's Appeal*:—and that your Register, the Morning Chronicle, and Independent Whig, with all their stock of

loyalty and *timidity*, could spare an *obscure corner* for an eulogium on the merits of this pamphlet:—and now, Sir, mark, and mark well, a testimony that does not rest upon my assertion: I have now before me the pamphlet, in the very title-page of which you will find the announcement of the publication in the following words:

Published by G. Gorman, Wych-street, Strand; and may be had of all booksellers.

Is this any proof of the arbitrary means that have been used to suppress its publication? Is this evidence of no weight? Or shall we not believe the announcement of a man of *unimpeached character*? Never did effrontery soar to such an height! Never did impostor wear such an hardihood of aspect! Or unblushing impudence, with case-hardened visage, so stare out of countenance every thing assimilated to veracity!—Several other persons attempted to speak, but some were thought unworthy of attention, others were deterred by the coarse yells of Printers’

Devils, and the subordinate imps of sedition;— at length, Sir, a gentleman rose, whose intrepidity seemed equal to Mr. Jones's violence; and boldly demanded a right to be heard, and, to use his own words, *he would neither be bullied into silence, or subdued by factious clamour*;—this gentleman's arguments were confined wholly to the fabrication of the letter and Bank-notes, which he considered, and very justly so, the only part of the Major's Pamphlet worthy observation; and, I will venture to say, that his elucidation of the foulness of that transaction was such, as wrought conviction on the mind of every impartial man present, that it was a gross and indefensible imposture.

I will now proceed to take a cursory view of this curious fabrication, the authenticity of which seems to rest on Major Hogan's unimpeached, and unimpeachable character; I mean that character that has been delivered at the Commander in Chief's

office. But I am informed, that the Major, like many of his countrymen, has left another character in Ireland; which at present it is not my purpose to investigate, unless he should invite me to do him that good office: and is the Major's character of having done his duty as an officer, (for it is barely that) to sanction all the absurdities he chooses to utter, and to substantiate, in the very teeth of reason, every thing that bears invincible marks of fallacy?—and we are to believe what is impossible to be true, because the author would not steal a great coat?—Monk Lewis is a very amiable man, and every thing that can be desirable in point of character; but are we to put implicit faith in all his supernatural stories of par-boiled Spectres, and half-grilled Devils, because the author would not pick a pocket?—I remember when Mr. Ireland's Vortigern agitated the town, the learned and sagacious Mr. Chalmers wrote a most ingenious treatise to prove that forgery the real

work of Shakespear; and when the fraud was detected, he wrote a still more ingenious tract to prove his error was founded on the basis of truth, and, that he was right in being wrong;—and I have no doubt but Messrs. Gale Jones, Peter Finnerty, and yourself, will do as much for Denis Hogan, with equal success. For my part, I have no reason for believing the Major's to be a fabrication, but its own internal evidence, and your tacit admission, that it is impossible to be true. With respect to your faith upon the subject, examine, for a moment, the state of your nerves, and learn, also, whether the bronze on your forehead is in perfect repair;—if it is not, I will afford you a few days to brace the one and varnish the other.

In your Register, of the 22d of October, I find your account of the Major's pamphlet in the following words: “ *This, I scruple not to say, is the most interesting publication*

that has appeared in England for many years. It should be read by every individual in the nation. Oh! what a story does this gentleman tell!—What a picture does he exhibit!—What facts does he unfold!”—So much for puff the first of Mr. Cobbett.—What would Peter Porcupine have said on the same subject? Now, Sir, all the dreadful secrets the Major pretended to possess, were announced in the letter that brought him the bank-notes;—at that time, it is evident, if any thing bearing your own signature can be evidence, that the *letter only* created your astonishment, and drew from you the tremendous exclamation, “*Oh! what a story does this gentleman tell!—What facts does he unfold!”*—But, subsequent to these remarks in your Register, an Answer appeared to the Major’s Pamphlet, in which a complete detection of the fabrication of that letter stared you in the face, and made such an inroad upon your understanding, that you was determined to be

silent in future upon the subject ; therefore, in your Register, of the 5th instant, you drop all the horrid and alarming secrets that were to be brought forward, and content yourself with extolling the literary merits, or, in plain English, the quantity of seditious effusions breathed through every page of the pamphlet. I will, however, pay a tribute to your sense: for, having read the detection, and weighed it well, you found the story wholly untenable, and that it was impossible to maintain so preposterous an argument, as the letter being the work of any man, or set of men, but Mr. Finnerty, Mr. Gale Jones, and Major Hogan ;—and, of course, human ingenuity will fall infinitely short of giving the diabolical scrawl the most distant semblance of authenticity. What can be stronger evidence, if any other evidence but the letter itself was wanted, to testify the fabrication of it being too invincible for Mr. Cobbett's ingenuity, or prudence, (which you please) to paint in any other colour, but

the production of men possessing an infernal seditious spirit ?

As the bell-weather of the Major's friends and advocates, you seem the leader of the miscreantic horde, for it is apparent, that your ideas upon the subject have been adopted, and the letter, with the precious donation that accompanied it, rendered wholly useless, abandoned, and disclaimed ; for we find, in the 5th edition, the publisher address the public in the following words, at the close of the last page : *With regard to the final letter, the publisher thinks it not amiss to observe, that the letter has no connection with the case of Major Hogan ; the case, in fact, closes before the letter is presented : —* So that we are now told, that this letter, which was converted into a wide-spreading net, to catch gudgeons, is now thrown by, as the fish are caught.

Yet, methinks, it was rather ungrateful

to treat the poor letter in this insignificant manner, after its consequence had brought the authors 5000 *half crowns* ; for what else gave the Pamphlet publicity beyond fifty or an hundred copies?—It could not be the amusement that three memorials, and three official answers, could produce ; 5000 memorials, and twice 5000 official answers from Colonel Gordon would not have excited any interest in the public mind ;—this Mr. Finerty well knew ; and that it was not an insipid, dry narrative of the Major's *eminent services* that would have invited a single purchaser ;—No, Sir, it was the expectation of learning some acts of atrocity, some alarming proceedings, pregnant with public mischief and disaster, which induced 5000 individuals to part with their money :—it was this consideration that invited my curiosity ; and, therefore, having paid half a crown for this *Camelion* letter, I shall set a little more store by it than those who have made all they can (public odium excepted) of the impos-

ture; but I cannot suffer this prolific letter to return in this ignominious manner to its native democratic jakes, at least till I have bestowed a few comments upon its authors.

It is now said, that the Letter makes no part of the Major's case;—that his case closed previous to the introduction of the Letter.—The Major's case, indeed, might have well spared the Letter;—but the case of an abused Public was the Letter itself.—CASE is a good idea; and I will endeavour to improve upon the term. I will, therefore, draw a parallel between the Major's case and another very much like it.

Suppose, Sir, that the Major, and his associates, had sallied forth to Hounslow-heath, for the purpose of committing a robbery, and found it necessary to add murder to the robbery;—can you suppose, that when brought to the Old Bailey to answer for their offence, that it would be sufficient for them

to aver, that the robbery *only* was their case?—and that the murder was commenced after the robbery was finished?—Do you really suppose that the judge would stop, and permit a demurrer to the murder?—If you do, I must differ with you in opinion, for I think that an investigation of the murder would become a very material part of the case, and that the result of such an investigation would produce a very concise consideration, *viz.* whether the bones of the murderers should be sent to bleach on a gibbet, or, to save government the expense of travelling, be consigned to Surgeons' Hall for the improvement of students.

All the distinction, Sir, I am capable of making, goes merely to the turpitude of the two cases, and I really think the robbery and murder have the superior claim to compassion and pardon. One remark more shall close the subject, so far as the Major's pamphlet is concerned; and, notwithstanding the

absurdities and falsehoods have met with advocacy and democratic sanction, to a very extensive latitude, common sense is not wholly vanquished; and, for the dignity of human nature, it is to be hoped there are men who will think and judge for themselves:—to men of that description, then, I appeal, whether any colourable excuse can be set up for the profound ignorance the Public are left in respecting the secrets announced in the first edition:—it is most clearly evident to all, but sottish ignorance, or obstinate perverseness, that there can now be no excuse for not divulging them; for upon the face of the pamphlet before me the reader will see no mark of restraint;—no plea of excuse that the printing or publishing is cramped or impeded:—what then is the natural conclusion to be drawn from rationality, but, that no secrets were in the breast of Major Hogan, except the secret that he had committed himself to the controul of a set of infuriated democrats, and con-

sented to become their implement in the work of sedition?—In this capacity, it must be confessed, he has done the party some service, as very few pamphlets have been read with more avidity by people of all descriptions ; and the only consolation that can be applied to the evil, is the gratifying circumstance that the refutation of these base calumnies has equalled, if not exceeded, the number ; as I find the fifth edition of the “ Short English Answer,” is now in the press.

As great stress has been laid on Major Hogan’s unimpeached character, and that too, to the injury of truth and justice, I am warranted in saying, that a contrary character will arrive in a few days from Ireland, unless the Telegraph, from Limerick, has flown on the wings of scandal ;—it is there said, the Major’s character has been impeached, and in a very serious way. However, I understand he has embarked for America, or is about so to do ; a reason that must operate

upon a liberal mind to silence accusation, where no justification is at hand;—or, at least, it so operates on me. I shall, therefore, content myself, at present, with calling to the Major's memory some transactions of his respecting the house of Mr. Roach, of Lime-rick, which, I believe, he will never forget. Could this rash unthinking man entertain the delusive hope, that the step he had taken would not bring to light the disagreeable transactions of his life?—perhaps he may understand what I allude to, when I ask him how the *sack account stood, previous to his brother, Michael, purchasing his Ensigncy for him*? A few words more, and I shall shut my lips on the subject of this curious pamphlet.

Was the Major ever in a court of justice in Ireland? Was he ever convicted of any offence that required a pardon, as a qualification to serve as a private in a regiment of militia? Does he remember how many men, under similar circumstances, were liberated

from jails on condition of serving in the same capacity at the same time, and whose character had been impeached by the verdict of a jury? Let him fetch a deep sigh and tell.

And, if he is wise, he will not say a syllable more on an unimpeached character, or dig the arcanium of oblivion for his signature to a more awful fabrication than the letter in question; but account to the public for that part of his good fortune that drew to his aid Mr. P. Finnerty, Mr. Gale Jones, and yourself.—I must say, Mr. Cobbett, that had I just cause to appeal to the public, you are the last man whose assistance I should court; for any judicious person, acquainted with your *present* politics, would most studiously avoid your advocacy in a cause where any part of the royal family are interested; for, if Major Hogan's cause had been much better than it is, such interference would essentially weaken it; but, being what it is, must inevitably

damn it. I submit to you, if any man, of an unimpeached, or unimpeachable character, openly accused, in the face of the world; with being the author of an atrocious fabrication to bring into disgrace no less a person than the son of our beloved sovereign, and commander in chief of the British forces, should not find it incumbent upon him to strain every nerve, and resort to every expedient, to disburthen his unimpeachable character from so foul an imputation. — This is in the Major's power to do, and his only; unless he will receive assistance from the Morning Chronicle office; and which may save him a great deal of trouble;—let him pursue the ordinary means of tracing the notes to the possession of the person from whom he received them; but should he be at a loss for the method, I know not any man better qualified to put him in the right road than yourself:—one of two things he must submit to—either give

the public satisfaction on this head, or be satisfied with bearing the odium the transaction, as it now stands, heaps upon him:—and I am one of the many who think the Duke of York's conduct to the Major better than he deserved; for, if I am to judge from that part of his character that escaped the Commander in Chief's office, he is not the most eligible man in the army to be promoted.

I have no personal interest in the part I have taken in the business;—I am not indebted to the Duke of York, or a single branch of the royal family, for the salt to my mutton-chop, for I never pursued the method of obtaining their bounty;—through my life I have steadily, uniformly, and intrepidly, set my face against the revilers of the august house of Brunswick; I have unceasingly exerted my powers in the Vindication of my King, and encountered personal violence

for my rashness in resenting an affront offered to the Duke of York. — When the Jacobins and Revolutionists of this country endeavoured to import the republican poison, and to diffuse the venom of its principles in clubs, and publications, the intrepid and loyal Mr. Reeves stepped forward and boldly made a contrary combination, and an opposite conspiracy of loyalty against treason;—of rank against levellers;—of order against sedition;—constitutionalists against reformers;—the virtuous against the profligate;—and the moderate against the ambitious:—he, and his honest, loyal adherents, entirely put down the various revolutionary gangs, whether spread through the country, or centered in the metropolis; whether preaching in clubs, or plotting in secret corners; and it is my boast, at this day, that he had every assistance in my power to give: and the accomplishment of his plans worked the salvation of the country.

And here, Mr. Cobbett, I will commence some animadversions on subjects of more importance than all the malcontents in the whole army; for it is really time to consider the true state of those abominable vehicles, those filthy channels of excremental politics—daily papers.—Within my memory the increase of newspapers is beyond all calculation; and totally warped from the salutary purposes that accompanied the few public prints forty years ago.—To what purpose, this increase of daily prints tends, every man, possessing two ideas, can judge, as well as yourself, though, perhaps, their estimation of the *profits* may fall something short of your own experience:—that the liberty of the press should become a theme of dissatisfaction, to men like yourself, is very extraordinary; and more singular still, that a set of men, who exist by the abuse of that liberty, should complain of the want of it!—But, perhaps,

you and I may differ very widely in our notions of the liberty of the press:—I am an advocate for that liberty which I hope never to see abridged so long as it is not derogatory to the tranquillity of the state, and the peace of individuals.—I admit, that every fair inquiry into the conduct of public men, and measures, in a government like ours, ought never to be checked; that the reprehension of tyrants, and the oppression of individuals, should never receive shelter, even under the terror of that law which designates truth to be a libel.

I would give the public prints license to expose infamy of every species;—to spread the just complaints of injured individuals before the public eye;—to hunt the rapacious villain from his prey;—and stamp, with public execration, the various atrocities that escape through the crevices of legal proceedings and public justice: but,

Sir, I will never consent to, or fall in with, an opinion, that any needy, desperate, factious man, has a right to institute a kind of literary tribunal, to judge of the actions of men, and doom them to public odium, because they are more virtuous, opulent, and happier than himself; and that, too, in a manner which constitutes the most tremendous tyranny. I abhor the institution of political inquisitions, that arrogates a power of sacrificing the most eminent characters in the country, under the pernicious system of modern anarchy and sedition, falsely, impudently, and blasphemously dignified by the sacred appellation of the liberty of the press; but which, in fact, is a rank prostitution of that valuable immunity,—where men are arraigned of the most obnoxious offences to society, without the possibility of defending their reputation against the attack of a skulking assassin, who is permitted to butcher the fair fame of his neighbour with impunity,

and, what is worse, with the applause of the disaffected and profligate.

That I may not be supposed to deal in fiction, or dogmatise with the men whom I affect to reprobate, I think it necessary to illustrate my assertions, and observations, by one instance, out of many, of the infamous conduct of our public prints.

The Duke of York, about twelve-months ago, was most grossly calumniated, through the channel of the Independent Whig; or, more appropriately, the Rebel Gazette; this badger-hole of sedition, had poured forth all its filthy calumnies against the Duke, in copious torrents,—stung with what, I hope, will be deemed an honest indignation, and feeling for the dignity of the illustrious character, who was so cowardly assailed, I could not resist the imperious mandates of Truth and Justice; in obedience to which, I applied to the

Editor of that paper ; calling on his impartiality and justice, to afford me an opportunity of controverting the scandalous charges he had ushered into the world against that illustrious person ; assuring him, that I had it in my power to confute them ;—and, upon his compliance, I wrote two letters, which caused a cessation of their scurrility ; but, in a few weeks afterwards, this *Independent* Editor,—this *injured* and *oppressed* libeller, announced no less than three letters, intended for publication against the Duke of York, in one day ; at the same time gave notice, he should there close the controversy between the Duke's assailants and his advocates.—This flagrant breach of public duty, and promise to an individual, drew from me a long letter ; and, in my apprehension, long as it was, every word it contained was necessary, and a just reproach upon his nefarious conduct :—But, Sir, as it is not necessary to insert, in this place, the whole letter, I have selected

an extract from it, which, I have reason to think, will not meet even your censure; for, I must do you the justice to say, that, had the charges been made in your paper, you would not have shut it against a replication; at least, if I am to take your conduct to Mr. Sheridan for the ground of my opinion. The following is the extract from my letter, to the Editor of the Independent Whig, December 3, 1807.

“ Now, Sir, with respect to that impartiality, which, perhaps, some thousand of your readers may have given you credit for, I must take the liberty, however unpalatable, to dispute the tenor by which you hold a presumptive right to that invaluable property: and, that I may do this upon ground from which all the eloquence, casuistical logic, and political chicane can never remove me, I will lay down to you the fundamental system, and established rules, of every court of law, or equity, in

this country, founded upon the aggregate wisdom of ages. The first principle is, the abhorrence in which the laws that govern Britons hold every attempt to convict an Englishman unheard, or without the most ample investigation; and that this great bulwark of English liberty may not be shaken, the judge, who shall dare deprive, or even abridge, a subject of that privilege, does it at the risk of his head;—nor, Sir, need I tie myself to the advantages arising from the inheritance of a British subject; for the wisest of the Roman institutions, and, indeed, all modern civilized countries, enjoy this blessing with enthusiastic admiration;—a blessing that even the Arcopagy of Athens suffered the worst criminals to enjoy: and shall the Independent Whig, that sets up for the champion of English liberty, avow a different doctrine, and become the paricide of those inestimable blessings; poison the fountain of justice; and vauntingly tell the world, *its* political

creed is paramount to the Constitution itself?—Or, shall it be said, that the most illustrious characters in the kingdom shall not claim the privilege of defending their public conduct with that ample freedom claimed by the meanest subject? I give you credit for great talents, but let me tell you, at the same time, those talents do not comprehend the monopoly of *all* the penetration, and understanding, of mankind. Permit me, for a moment, to recall to your recollection your own feelings, when the purity of your intentions were arraigned in so severe a manner in a periodical print: I have the measure of your resentment now before me; and when I consider the terms in which that resentment is conveyed, I cannot help believing you think every man's feeling may be sported with but your own.—I have carefully read the accusations you complain of, with what justice they were made I lay wholly out of my present consideration; it is sufficient for me to observe, that your

irritable faculties seemed perturbed beyond the ordinary course of resentment. — Review, Sir, your own language upon that occasion, couched in all the acrimonious sarcasms, and dagger-pointed invectives, that ingenuity could furnish, or that could be embittered by the overflow of rancorous gall. Had you, upon my first application for permission to refute the foulest calumny ever invented by the most malignant heart, briefly informed me, that the province of your Journal was to promulgate bold and ruffianly accusations, and to refuse admission to every species of refutation to defeat their pernicious effects, you would have acted with consistency at least.—I know you will say, you gave free admission to both my former letters ; — granted, and this I conceive an aggravation of the duplicity I complain of ; for, Sir, I appeal to your own judgment, if the two letters that you inserted in vindication of the Commander in Chief, did not convey conviction to the mind of every ho-

norable and dispassionate man, that his Highness had been grossly reviled by scandalous fabrications. Now, Sir, mark the conduct I think you ought to have pursued, after the insertion of my second letter ;—you should, in fairness, *then*, have announced your intention to close the controversy, in terms that would have done you real honour, and extorted approbation from those outrageously inimical to your paper.”

I believe, Sir, it will be allowed, that the foregoing extract exhibits a tolerable picture of the independence and impartiality that constitutes the boasted patriotism of a paper, vauntingly proclaiming itself the mirror of justice, and the avowed enemy to tyranny, oppression, and corruption ; or, at least, it is a faithful portrait of the motives by which those high-sounding qualities are directed, and in which there is just as much virtue as we meet with in the pistol of an highwayman, or the bludgeon of a footpad ; and I

wish it did not also exhibit depravity of heart, and a total disdain of every thing assimilated to that divine maxim, “ Do as you would be done by ; ”—but, thank God, this screech-owl of treason is fluttering to its eternal roost.

With respect to the Independent Whig, I have to observe, that it has incessantly laboured to create dissatisfaction among the lower order of people, by persuading them, that the laws were made for the purpose of oppressing them;—in one of these detestable papers we find the bold and fallacious assertion, “ *all laws are made to oppress the poor.* ”—But that some of them have been made to punish treason, sedition, and the enemies of the country, Mr. White can testify, or wherefore breathes he in Dorchester gaol ?

The incessant abuse issuing weekly from this paper, against the Attorney-general, is a no less mark of ingratitude than injustice:—his

conduct upon Mr. White's trial was lenient in the extreme, who was given to understand, in terms too plain to be misunderstood, that Mr. White should have a little breathing time to rectify his error, and consider of the rashness he had been guilty of;—and that a very moderate degree of contrition would have saved him all the misery of which he now complains; instead of which, he not only repeated, but doubled his offence, and impiously dared, nay courted, the judgment of the law.

Upon his hacknied theme of scurrility, weekly addressed to the Attorney-general, I shall only remark, that if Sir Vicary Gibbs is inordinately ambitious of an honest fame, the Independent Whig is labouring hard to establish it in the opinion of all good men; for the censure of Mr. White is most unequivocally such a panegyric on the virtue of Sir Vicary, as must afford that gentleman a gratification that no other species of praise could produce.

Having gone through the Major's pamphlet, and all that immediately relates to it ; and also given him full credit for the testimonials of the unimpeached character he has injudiciously set up to bully the public into a belief of absurdities, that common sense gives the lie to ; and having forborne to combat that character with the one he left at Limerick, or enquire whether this was the first or *second fabrication* he has been the author of, and which of the two claimed the opinion of a jury, I shall dismiss the Major, and I hope for ever, recommending him to keep in mind the trite adage, that every man is judged by his company. It was the fervent wish of a celebrated man, that his enemy would write a book :—the Major has written one, and if I were his enemy, I could find ample gratification in exhibiting, to public view, what that book has brought to my knowledge. I can only admire the modesty of all those men who receive pardon for various offences, on condition of serving as private men in the

militia ; at the same time, the Major, like the *other gentlemen*, was obliged to serve in person. I repeat, I admire the modesty of the Major's comrades, who, perhaps, with equal pretensions to an unimpeached character, never utter a syllable on the subject.

And now, Mr Cobbett, a few minutes consideration, if you please, upon your favourite plan of reform, and the sanguinary hopes you entertain upon so fortunate an event as would be brought about by the introduction of French laws, principles, tyranny, and murders : and, that you may not think me singular in my opinion, I will submit to your consideration the sentiments of a gentleman in perfect unison with my own, though somewhat restive and unruly, under the discipline of the premier fiend of Hell, and which was occasioned by Sir Francis Burdett's speech on the Red-book :

“ I have read Sir Francis's invocation

to rebellion with regret, astonishment, indignation, and horror.—In a fit of despair, he has devoted the country to desolation, wretchedness, and final death.—In his horrid incantation, I see sedition, democracy, and jacobinism.—I call upon every Englishman to rally round the standard of our constitution—to resist the fatal influence of his principles—to blast them in the bud;—for if they take root, and grow, we shall see the tree of French liberty bloom, rear, and shed its poison—devastation. Regicides will erect a permanent guillotine, and unsheath the sabre of ruffian massacre.—The High Priest of Wimbledon will perform his horrid rites in our temples of worship—with sanguinary cruelty, he will advance to the Altar :—The first victim will be our beloved king ; for this dread arch-fiend is the enemy of all that is good and sacred.—We shall see, in the bosom of our land, an open register of oaths,—written in blood—against all our ordinances, laws, and distinctions ;—who does not behold

the prelude to the abhorred tragedy? The French revolution began by an attack on the livre rouge:—What followed all Europe knows, feels, languishes, and groans under. I love my country—I reverence every constituted authority in it: and, while I have life and power, I will oppose, and expose, every open or skulking design to revolutionize England; however it may be dignified by names, disguised by scholars, or proposed by rude, vulgar, seditious advertisements, I will always resist and repel it.”

The foregoing extract I adopt as it expresses exactly my own sentiments and language upon a former occasion, and which I wish to see pasted on the church-doors, and every public edifice in the kingdom. In addition to the picture of woe the author exhibits, I must ask you, what would be the inevitable *blessings* this country would derive from the successful labours of men like yourself? Such as, perhaps, might afford

you consolation and triumph ; but such as *my* nature shudders at ;—for treason holds such enmity to humanity, that it converts men to monsters, and gives them the appetites of savage ferocity.

When I contemplate the infernal catalogue of *privileges* you would substitute for those we now enjoy, they present themselves, in the desolation of our country, the confiscation of our property, the abuse and virtual slavery of our persons ; the pollution of our wives and sisters ; the butchery of our sons ; and the violation of our daughters chastity by French troopers ; while they vainly call for protection from fathers and brothers, of whose assistance French bayonets have deprived them. — Murder and rapine crying in every street, amidst the applause of revolutionizing miscreants ; and, to complete the horrid picture, our beloved king, and the

finest family Europe ever saw, weltering in gore in their sacred palaces.

These, Sir, are a few leading events that would inevitably take place were it possible for your plans to succeed, of inviting a foreign enemy to invade this country ; and I would seriously recommend to the deluded people, who think such an event desirable, to reflect seriously upon all the consequences of it :—can they think their condition would be bettered by having their country put into the possession of people who are holding out the delusive hopes of giving, what they call, liberty to other nations, while they are themselves the most abject slaves ? Can you, Sir, or your wretched proselytes, believe you would enjoy a greater share of liberty under the tyrant of France, than you now enjoy under the most amiable Monarch that ever filled a throne ; and under laws and a constitution that is the admiration and envy of all surrounding nations ?—A constitution the more

moderate part of the French revolutionists wish to take as a model? I ask you again, Sir, what you suppose your own situation, and your infatuated adherents, would be?— If you are dreaming of riches and honours, and the acquisition of the confiscated estates of your virtuous and loyal countrymen, I venture to prophesy you would fall into a fatal error; for the men whose claims rest upon treachery and treason, would be the eternal objects of suspicion, despised, and ultimately destroyed in the conflagration raised for the destruction of others.

The celebrated Montesquieu justly observes, that a country conquered by a democratic nation, always enjoys less liberty, is more miserable, and more enslaved, than if that country was conquered by a nation whose government was monarchical. If, Sir, any illustration is wanting to justify these observations, look to the conduct of the French at this moment; view the abject state of

Holland, Italy, and Switzerland, where French freedom has been erected ; look at the dreadful, wretched, and oppressed situation of those beggared and ill-fated countries, and then try if you can make the people of England believe, that the tyrant of France will have more respect for the English nation, whose power he dreads, and abhors in consequence of that dread.

It would be unpardonable in me to pass over your statement of the Duke of York's income, at the Hampshire meeting, in a manner so flagitious, so wicked, and so premeditatedly false, base, and cowardly ;—for, when I examine the particular items in that statement, I feel myself propelled, by motives of justice, and reverence for truth, to give a flat, unqualified contradiction to it.—Your enormous exaggeration was calculated for the diabolical purpose of making the ignorant, deluded, and credulous forty-shilling freeholders, believe the money was

exacted from the poor by oppressive taxes ; a sum, as you are pleased to state, equal to the poor rates of one hundred and twenty five parishes, or the assessed taxes of one hundred and forty six parishes. How far your statement has any pretensions of correctness, or how far it exhibits the malicious calumny of a demonical spirit, let those decide who will consult the authentic vouchers of its falsehood, by referring to the papers laid before Parliament, respecting the Duke's REAL MILITARY INCOME for the last three years.

With respect to the rangership of the parks, and other offices you chose to throw into the scale of public plunder, they are merely honors, and dignities, annexed to the state of a sovereign without any pay or emolument ; or, at least, so trifling, that it is beneath notice, and have always been conferred on persons of high rank in the country : however, your statement, infa-

mous as it was, answered your purpose, and procured you the approbation of the credulous, uninformed, and turbulent; which, indeed, was all you sought;—the number of whom were sufficient to create a democratic yell, loud enough to drown every attempt to rescue the audience from the pernicious impression your inflammatory statement had made on their mind.—You have long been inured in the arts of cajoling the majority of your hearers upon similar occasions;—the task is not difficult, for it only consists in round assertions, that our governors are corrupt, our liberties in danger, and the people oppressed:—these were the arts adopted by the impostor, John Wilkes, who well knew the efficacy produced by the frantic caprice of a lunatic rabble:—for, when Lord Sandwich expressed his surprise that he gained his election, as none but fools voted for him. Johnny archly replied, “ *The fools are all I want; you, my lord, are welcome to the suf-*

frages of sensible men." But, Sir, it seems county meetings are the order of the day, and the complexion of the men, who convene them, will furnish a tolerable conjecture of the *real purposes* for which they are called,—something very like incitement to rebellion !

Is it not whimsically singular, that Cobbett, the Hampshire freeholder, and Waithman the City draper, with other worthies, equally celebrated for principles inimical to the welfare of their country, and who would give the united kingdoms to their beloved Bounaparte, should be so outrageously offended at his having obtained a little Spanish plunder ?—That these men should make a parade about the honor and dignity of England, and Englishmen, upon the present occasion, who have incessantly, and ardently, promoted the interest of their political idol, puts me in mind of the practice of old, hardened, and experi-

enced pick-pockets, who, when pursued, are always foremost in vociferating “ *Stop thief.*” However, I will not detain you, at present, with a further delineation of the democratic canines of the day ;—for, whether the mastiff of Botley roars louder, or bites sharper, than the yelping mongrel of St. James’s Square, is very immaterial; their purposes are the same, and, I hope, their disgrace, and disappointment, will also go hand in hand.

I certainly envy Redhead Yorke the satisfaction he must have felt, on receiving marks of disapprobation from such men as Mr. Clifford, and Mr. Waithman, at the Middlesex meeting ;—his conduct was loyal and judicious, notwithstanding the illiberality of the factious crew, who condescended to reproach him with his conviction for treasonable practices ;—whether it was for one treasonable offence, or whether, like yourself, he ought to have been con-

victed of fifty, is of little importance ;—it is sufficient to say, his present conduct makes ample amends for his former transgression, and I sincerely wish you would follow his example,—as it will only cost you the TROUBLE OF GOING TO THE 'RIGHT ABOUT ONCE MORE !

CATO, JUN.

THE END.

